

A N
EPISTLE

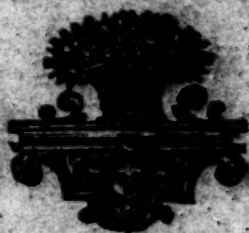
From the late

Lord B O ----- K E

T O T H E

Duke of W-----N.

Si tibi sim vilis communes respice Curas.
Ovid. Epist.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOOR, near St. Paul's.
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EPISTLE

With the last

Vol 30

TO THE

Duke of Northumberland



LONDON

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1800



A N

E P I S T L E.

TO read these Lines a pensive Eye prepare ;
 Which Grief suggests, the Dictates of
 Sent from a Heart that does a Pain confess, [Despair ;
 Not for its Crimes — but as they want Success ;
 Each Sin, our Praise ; with Fame each Moment
 That e'er compleats the Mischief, which it meant. [spent,
 A lucky Guilt does no Repentance need,
 No Treason impious, that did e'er succeed ;

Which from th' Event still takes its shifting Name;
 Prosperous or baffled, our Applause or Shame:
 With Smiles, had fav'ring Fate our Projects seen,
 Sedition had been Vertue, Duty Sin;
 In being right, we each had then excell'd,
Radcliff's the loyal Troops, and *George* rebell'd;
 But ah to plot, be perjur'd — both in vain,
 There bleeds thy Friend — thence spring his Shame
 [and Pain.
 How just these Sighs! Ten Summers working hard
 In Treason — distant yet the hop'd Reward:
 (No Place I yet possess, no Staff survey,
 Tho' Wit and Traytor challenge double Pay)
 With racking Passion my sad Bosom tore,
 That we still dare — and Hell assists no more;
 Asham'd or shy, when we the Work begin
 To aid, or be a Second in the Sin;
 Our Monarch's Brow with Gems not yet adorn'd,
 An Exile thou, and he a Pageant scorn'd.
 Cou'dst

Cou'dst thou this sad, and wretched Heart be-
 Nurst up in Treachery, in Rebellion bold; [hold,
 To *Brunswick's* Line, fixt, never to abate
 Its stedfast Scorn, and everlasting Hate;
 What Rage within, what Tempests wou'dst thou
 Fetter'd our selves; our Victor Rivals free! [see,
 For Plagues still worse, my frantick Bosom griev'd,
 In Fifty Journals, scarce Five Words believ'd;
 Those great *Palladiums* of our sinking Cause,
 Unread, or unbeliev'd—long since without Ap-
 Heaven has in Vengeance clear'd *Britannia's* Sight, [plause!
 And School Boys, as they read, cry out a Bite.

Treating so oft with one eternal Tale,
 Pointless our Satires grow — our Libels stale,
 Corruption, Bribes, the Subject of our Pen,
 Month after Month; agen, and eke agen;
 Bad Statesmen curst, to Morrow and to Day,
 Still the same Dish, nor cook'd a different Way;

Which

Which with the Weak, no longer will go down,
 And palls the nicer Palate of the Town;
 Scandal like Ven'ison at a City Feast,
 Tho' priz'd, yet cloy's if 'tis too often dress'd;
 Unvaried once the loud and ceaseless Cry,
 A wretched Peace, and a worse Ministry!
 Each Week, the Sport and Laughter of the Skies,
 By *P*—y form'd some blooming Project dies;
 At its first Birth, the Phantom, strong and fair,
 Struts for a while, then dissipates in Air;
 Full fraught with Mischief, when it threatens most,
W—*l*—*le* just breathes, and the thin Vapour's lost;
 Smooth, seemly Fictions to amuse the Crowd,
 We spread with Art, he still removes the Cloud,
 First views, and then destroys each shadowy
 [Scheme;
 Our Wit but Vision, and our Wisdom, Dream.
 From *Britain's* Eyes he drives the Mist away,
 And Bane to all our Hopes — lets in the Day;

Too thin to screen close Treachery from his Sight,
The Mask of Duty, or the Veil of Night,
Fram'd to delude the Weak, he breaks the Spell;
Nor gives us leave in quiet — to rebel.

While he survives, what Hardships we endure?
The King we praise, we cannot hate secure;
Oblig'd when he is pleas'd, a Smile to feign;
And curse ourselves, while we his Foes arraign!
When sad, to wear a Visage smooth with Joy;
And bless those Schemes, which all our Hopes
Like mine, thy aking Bosom sure must grieve,
Our Friends shou'd nothing now---but Truth be-
Their Guide so long, thy *D'Amers* sneaking hence,
Less credited his *Craft* than common Sense;
He who before cou'd never forge or feign,
No Period wrong, nor one Conjecture vain.
Prefer'd so justly by our *Tory* Fair,
To Balls and Citron, to Picquet and Prayer;

Their

Their Morning Toilet does no longer grace,
 By *Henley's* Whimfies jostled out of Place.
 Our Cause what Arts can rescue from the Grave,
 If Fictions fail, and Falshoods cannot save?
 If *Townsend*, and each watchful *Poll-m*'s Spite
 Explodes the Tales, which *Swift* and *Whiston* write;
 (Falshood too weak their Searches to endure,
 Within their Reach not one poor Lye secure)
 Senates to sway, if Sound has no Pretence,
 And *Sh-p-n*'s Sneer must yield to *Onslow's* Sense;
 (Since aw'd by him, bold Treason must despair
 To shake the Throne, while he adorns the Chair;
 If what I print no Tumults does inspire,
 If Truth shou'd please; and Contradiction tire.

What then our Shame, or Downfal can prevent,
 When Courts deride us, and when Mobs repent?
 Our florid Schemes unfinish'd we must leave,
 If Foes are so unkind, to undeceive.

If to the Crowd our Purpose is reveal'd;
 Those Eyes, unclos'd, which we in Darkness seal'd.
 Help *Fr--nk--in, Eg,* dispel our gloomy Fears;
 Print, pester, publish, ---- and forget your Ears;
 'Tis something, a proud scornful Foe to vex;
 And if we cannot conquer ---- to perplex.
 Write on, rage on! Unite your social Powers!
 Tho' Law be theirs, the Jury still is *ours*.
 Libels of late esteem'd a guiltless Sport,
 That injure Monarchs, or defame a Court;
 Our venom'd Shafts may boast their Triumph still,
 That wound and gall, altho' they cannot kill!
 Forgive! if once I act an open Part,
 Utter one Truth from this perfidious Heart;
 To thee, dear *W---n*, and to thee alone,
 The Bent and Biass of my Soul is known;
 My Faith how venal! How sincere my Spight!
 Vertue my Jest, and Mischief my Delight;

From Youth in Treasons train'd ; and ever since
 A Foe, by Custom, to a lawful Prince :
 My Boast and Glory ever to disown
 Kings, with a legal Title to a Throne :
 In want of Faith, ambitious to excel,
 T' obey my Pang, my Transport to rebel.
 Unblest before, my Bliss is then sublime,
 When e'er I owe an Honour to a Crime.

Still to the Bad, my warping Genius leans,
 Despising Power, obtain'd by honest Means.
 More lov'd and priz'd, a Title or a Place
 Unfairly won! and purchas'd with Disgrace ;
 Dear to my Soul, and fought with Zeal unfeign'd,
 Lawrels by Treachery earn'd, or Mischief gain'd ;
 So ravish'd with the Wrong, if ever Right
 'Tis Blunder, Weakness, Ignorance, or Spite ;
 The Glory less, to be sincere and just,
 Than to betray one's King, or break a Trust.

Guilt gives a Relish to a Statesman's Joys,
Which fair acquiring flattens and destroys.

Whene'er at Courts, by Art, or seeming Grace,
For both are mine, I wriggled into Place,
Neither by Gratitude, nor Conscience sway'd,
Each Sov'reign that I own'd, I still betray'd;
(And ah, with Sighs, our Royal *J—mes* can tell
None ever vow'd, or e'er deceiv'd so well.)
Deluded all to whom I ever swore,
Who fear'd my Treachery much, my Friendship
Distant before, by me together brought,
The friendly Aspect, and the murdering Thought;
Rage in my Soul, my Visage wrapt in Joy;
Then flattering most, when purpos'd to destroy.
How dear the Courtier, I detested still,
The Rival, how belov'd — I aim'd to kill?
My Rage or Scorn, each might awhile endure,
But if I once embrac'd—their Fate was sure.

Each Virtue that I ever feign'd, a Cloud,
 Some Baseness to conceal, or Guilt to shroud;
 To aid my Soul to act some treacherous Part,
 And hide the Villain close, within my Heart;
 Which long inur'd to Mischief feels a Pain,
 The dull Pretence of Virtue—ev'n to feign.

Not yet subdued, I yet wou'd farther dare,
 Prompted to Ill, by Rage, and by Despair.

The Fame too little, and the Guilt too small,
 One Queen alone, by my Revenge should fall.

But the same Throne may dread my Schemes agen,
 My Sword the Law has sheath'd—but not my Pen;

Left free each Week, its Poison to distil,
 The surest Weapon, Fate has lent to kill.

Our last and surest Refuge in Distress,
 A well-touch'd Jury, and licentious Press;

(For if a Scandal once appear in Print,
 It must be true—and all believe the Hint)

Whence

Whence, dipt in Ink, her Shafts Sedition flings,
 So daringly, at Patriots and at Kings;
 Whose Pen no Fines deter, no Galls afright,
 For *Fog* will print, if you or I endite.
 No Pains our *Hero* dreads, or Censure fears;
 Bright Fame, how cheaply bought, with loss of
 No Threat or Force his Courage shall suppress,
 Or make him forge one useful Lye the less;
 Detected, scorn'd, he still shall publish on,
 As Hornets buzz, altho' their Sting is gone.
 Tho' vain and impotent their Rage, 'tis some
 Delight at least, to flutter and to hum.

In Wit and Simile, how dear t'excel,
 For want of Proof, and damn by Parallel?
Sejanus strove his Country to enslave,
 How plain from hence, that *T—s—d* is a Knave?
 To heap up Riches *Woolsey* robb'd the Crown!
 For this let *W—le* bleed, and *W—l—ton*.

In both a just Resemblance we can feign,
 And *British* Knights for *Roman* Crimes arraign!
 While thus our Foes, our subtle Vengeance taste,
 And suffer for the Sins of Villains past;
 For antient Traitors, modern Fav'rites read;
 The guiltless Living for the guilty Dead.

Whene'er she lagg'd, or loiter'd in the Race,
 I taught Sedition how to mend her Pace:
 The Fury lent, to Peace the fiercest Foe,
 Rage if too meek, and Swiftnefs if too slow:
 The Weapons chose, against her rightful Lord
 She vow'd to guard, a *Craftman* and a Sword.

Whate'er befalls, a Discontent is made;
 And foreign Princes die—to hurt our Trade.
 Against the Nation's and the Weavers Will;
 To spoil the Sale of Silks on *Ludgate-Hill*,
 Eternal Black, our Loss, and our Disgrace,
 Unkind for Kings to die, and ruin Lace.

To weep for ever, *Britain's* Traffick hurts,
 And mars embroider'd Sleeves, and ruffled Shirts.
 Nay more, obliges Courtiers to put on
 Three Suits a Year, who seldom pay for one.
 Does every Joy, to Spleen and Sadness turn,
 For how can Folks be merry, while they mourn?

To thee is known this crooked, subtle Way,
 I chose, and still find useful to betray;
 While from my Cheek a seeming Torrent flows
 Of Tears, fast streaming for *Britannia's* Woes;
 By me of Reason and of Eyes bereft,
 Purg'd of the little Duty she had left;
 In Sables clad, the pensive Realm I draw,
 By Statutes robb'd, and plunder'd by the Law;
 Bankrupts and Beggars every Soul we meet,
 And all but *Scales* undone in *Lombard-street*;
 Whose Hardships I lament, and Losses feign;
 By Courtiers ruin'd, or undone by *Spain*.

No Vessel steering *North*, but carries o'er, now or
 At least a Million, to the *German* Shore.
 Plate, Pictures, Jewels, Tapestry and all,
 The Riches once, of *Hampton* and *Whitehall*;
 Blest, the same Fate if *Windsor* does not meet;
 Nor swims away with the next *Babcock* Fleet;
 For Taxes left likely, with the Crowd prevail;
 Who think that Towers and Palaces may fail;
 Our Castles lost, with deepest Dread perplex,
 For fear our Towns should trip to *Brunswick* next.

What fabled Weer, by Sots with Sadness read;
 Have I not first invented, after spread;
 Drawn the large Tear from *Britain's* foolish Eye;
 And rais'd a general Sorrow with a Sigh
 Pitying the Realm, that oft her Taxes paid
 Against herself, some foreign Power to aid;
 To keep the *Gaul* secure, or *Sweden* right;
 And bribe the *Russian* not to fail or fight.

A Pension sent each Year, with vast Expence,
To sooth the *Cham*, and keep his *Tartars* hence.

This robs our Isle, and drains her Wealth away;
All *Europe's* Vassal Kings—in *Britain's* Pay.

For these grave Truths, the grateful Realm has
Me her lov'd Champion, to correct her Foes; [chose

The Nation's Ills to paint, and to unfold,
Her trusty Patriot, plausible and bold.

The Woes she softly weeps, I tell aloud,
And blaze, and blow amongst the idiot Crowd.

For Wounds ne'er felt, I make her Bosom grieve,
And forg'd Distresses, real Grievs believe;

Sad for her Sufferings, anxious for her Fate,
I multiply those Sorrows—I create.

While she, by Foes undone, her Sighs employs
To weep those Blessings lost,—she still enjoys;

Well pleas'd with me to faint, and to complain,
And mix her Tears with those—I only feign:

With Dread of visionary Ills oppress'd,
Amidst each Bliss, resolv'd to be unblest.

With Climes remote, or Provinces more near,
Contracting for clean Falshoods by the Year;
Our own too small, nice Fictions to supply,
Of other Realms I borrow, beg, or buy;
With general Hints, fresh Jealousies foment,
And nurse and cheer each hopeful Discontent.
To serve a Turn, imported Terrors hire;
To damp our hated Foes, or Friends inspire;
Which, for a while, look plausible and fair;
For Lyes by Law, are no forbidden Ware;
Crowding each Week our Packets, as they bring
Cheaply brought o'er, no Duty to the King.
No Officers, that seize unlawful Tea
Oblig'd to search for Fictions—with Bohea.

The Vouchers these, amidst the ravish'd Throng,
Our *J—mes* is made a Hundred Gallies strong.

To aid his Cause the *Turk* and *Ruffian* meet,
 The Pope has Wealth — and *Austria* has a Fleet;
 Half *Europe's* warring Realms, prepar'd for Fight,
 Forgot in modern Maps, for him unite.

While Regions hot and cold, his Fame adore,
 The Line and Pole; the *Cimbrian* and the *Moor*.

How blest the Time! when Senates gave me
 Without Controul, to lead them, and deceive! ^{[leave,}

Unblemish'd long my Faith and Vertue stood,
 None half so wise, so politick or good.

For every Crime fresh Wreaths were then prepar'd,
 And every Guilt was sure of its Reward;

(One Treachery then adorn'd with fairer Bays,
 Than Ten good Plots in these degenerate Days)

To me the first, while *Britain* did allow,

Who pluck'd the Laurel off from *Churchill's* Brow,
 Its dying Verdure, with soft Raptures view'd;

To *France* restor'd the Realms his Sword subdu'd.

The P——x cou'd then my Piety commend;

The People's Guardian, and the Church's Friend.

My mimick'd Vertue sav'ring her Mistake;
 While the prim Saint bely'd the hidden Rake;
 Tho' for her Error much too dear I pay'd,
 For, irksome to my Soul, I sometime pray'd;
 Demure and grave at Chapel oft was seen,
 Religious for an Hour,—to please the Queen.

Forgot for ever, be that luckless Hour,
 Which robb'd us of our *Anna* and our Power;
 Pitied or scorn'd, let this our Pangs assuage,
 Wanting our Titles, we have still our Rage;
 How small the Penalty, the Fine how light,
 That takes our Manors, while it leaves us Spite?
 The guiltless Statute acts but half its Part,
 That claims an Ear, but cannot touch our Heart:
 Tho' damping Fate denies our Plots Success,
 We cannot triumph—but we may distress;
 And while this Tongue can rail, this Quill arraign;
 Britain shall blunder; all her Schemes be vain;
 Not one wise Law her Senates shall ordain,
 Each Member a Lord ———, or a L——.

If

[21]
If Gaul with England ever is ally'd,
Austria long weak, shall be the stronger Side;
With Ships his Drave and Dambs cover'd o'er,
Our Fleet's in Pain! the Sea's our own no more!
If Philip's Aid by Treaty we obtain,
How blunt his Sword, how weak the Arm of Spain?
We praise by turns the Monarch and despise,
And Friend or Foe, is either weak or wise!
One Crime to court, or to defy a State;
And vain alike, our Friendship or our Hate,
Whate'er Applause our Rivals Projects claim,
One Craftsman sweeps away the airy Fame.

But see the Caprice of the humorous Sky;
What Nymphs ador'd, now Grocers scarce will buy;
On F--nk--n's Stall, ne'er doom'd to view the Day,
Whole Rheams unrump'd, rot in Peace away;
Thine, mine, and P--s each immortal Name,
Doom'd to the Worm, or more forbidding Shame;
Patriots in vain Sagacious, Brave and Wise!
Instead of routing W--h--le, faring Ples.

[33]
Be blotted from the Day, that Spiteful Hour,
Which gave that Foe his Titles, Star, and Power.
Yet say, what guileful Arts, were left untry'd,
To blast his Wreaths, or damp the Victor's Pride?
(Which like a Palm, the greater Weight we try,
Shoots stronger up, and swifter to the Sky.)
No Shaft we aim, the destin'd Mark can hit,
Alike disdain'd our Malice, and our Wit.
Beneath our Scorn his Glory fairer grows,
For greater Fame, indebted to his Foes.
Whose friendly Satires leave his Worth more clean,
Like Gold refin'd—increasing with their Spleen:
No Terror in his Heart the Menace breeds,
Which breath'd in Wrath, without a Pain he reads.
How vain, his Anger, or his Fear to move;
Secure in *Britain's* Smile, and *George's* Love!

O help thy Friend his Vertues to assail,
For fear I bless, or envy while I rail!
Left numb'ring every Praise and Merit o'er,
The Fame I meant to curse, I shou'd adore.

His

His Voice, with what Attention Senates hear?
 The Attick Eloquence less strong and clear;
 Each Period smooth, harmonious, unperplex;
 This Day *Demosthenes*, and *Tully* next.
 Potent the Rage of Faction to abate,
 To soften Envy, and to conquer Hate.

From *Paris* hast thou no Relief to send;
 Is *Fleury* cold — and *Rome* no more our Friend?
 Our wretched Cause will *Charles* no more maintain;
 And boast we *Prussia's* gyant Troops in vain?
 In Falshoods here allow'd by Law to deal,
 And put off Party Rage for Publick Zeal;
 Brigades each Week I muster to revive
 Our fainting Friends, and keep their Hopes alive.
 (For if the Fiction favours our Intent,
 Fools will believe, if *Craftsmen* will invent;
 Let their close Cunning shape the seemly Lye,
 And each wise Nation is an *Italy*)
 Each Week in Arms the Fairy Legions meet,
 Troops never heard of, but in *Fr—lin's* Sheet.

While the great *Sultan* leagues with *Ezra's* Power,
The Rebels in all Realms, by Instinct out.

But ah, too sad Reflection, what avail?
The Legions listed in each weekly Tale,
Philip, long ours, does now but Cause decide,
And *Carlos's* Sword is drawn on *Britain's* Side,
While *Bourbon's* Troops, victorious, firm and brave,
For her, their Standards rear, and *Lilies* wave.
The victor Fee each fallen Ally enjoys,
War, War is lost—and Peace all Hope destroys.

Against our fairest Vices, and deepest Schemes,
Our Navies sail to Nature's wide Extremes,
Nor dreading any hostile Colours, find
Another Force, beside the Rocks and Wind.
While richly laden, from each costly Shore,
With fragrant Spices, or with glittering Ore,
At *Britain's* halcyon, peaceful Isle they meet,
And lay each *India* down at *Brunswick's* Feet.

